

BULLDOG VS. COON.

**Fight on which Fifty Thousand Dol-
lars was Wagered.**

year 1885 there existed on Gravier on the lot opposite the Cotton Exchange, as resort of the devotees of cock and tenancy. This pit was owned and kept by Sullivan, a man of considerable renown tenancy in sporting circles. There were few gentlemen in the city who had given attention to the rearing and disciplining dad dogs of the terrier and bull species, cock great pride in their pits, and were ready to pit them against their weight in men, and great and good accounts in of their pits, and offering wagers on to kill and tenacity in combat. One day a friends were assembled in the large store on Gravier street of Messrs. Wilson & Co., a noted firm of that day, composed of John Public, John and John for the Piedmont Air Line, Col. D. A. and of Mr. W. H. Linscomb, now of Virginia, and recently deceased.

owners of the great champion dogs of the city, being very loud in their boasts of the quality of their pets, provoked from Col. Williams the remark that his colored porter had a better dog than any of theirs. One of the gentlemen who rushed forward to accept the challenge, and after much discussion the matter was all settled and the conditions of the fight agreed on.

News of the fight getting out, there was much excitement in the sporting world. Large bets were made by everybody on the contest. The colored porter, however, was not in the least affected by the excitement and

maire ever excited more interest. Col. entered his four-year-old coon against a four-footed fighting animal in the city for a of \$500. This challenge was accepted by m Boyd, who was the owner of several big terriers and bulldogs, which had been trained in many famous and desperate combats. The match being made, the two became interested in the expected combat. The dogs were the favorites at large odds, but were a few sanguine country-raised men who risked their money on the coon. The combat was fixed to come off on Christ-

ity of 1890. At that an immense crowd gathered in the pits. Allie Davis was the first prizefighter, including the Sheriff, the Chief of Police, a member of Congress, several Aldermen and other high officials. The judges consisted of two leading jurists, the coroner and the Mayor.

The terms of the combat were regular—drawn up. The contestants were expected to fight for ten rounds, each lasting three minutes. The prize was \$100,000. The fight was a splendid animal, bearing the scars of combats, but in fine condition, and with the mark of a noble blood and an iron will.

He became immediately the favorite, the most extravagant bets were offered, wagers, on his ability to slay the large crowd, and the fight was a great success. The crowd began to entertain the Those wagers were generally placed on the

coon. A thousand dollars to \$500 that he would give in ten minutes; \$1,000 in twenty minutes; \$1,000 to \$100 in an hour. The sporting men were largely in these bets. They were all on the side of the dog.

The coon was brought in by Col. Wilson and the confidence of the backers of the dog did not waver, and truly the appearance of the coon was encouraging. He was a rough specimen of his race, with a large head, sharp teeth, and evidently a veteran, but he had a pedigree or history to encourage his backers.

Col. Wilson and his backers, however, were discouraged by the unequal aspect of the contestants. The arrangements for the contest were quickly made and the fight was quickly arranged to take place. Col. Wilson

tried, as the usual precaution, to llok the victim, to see if he had been peppered. Colonel Jackson waived off this precaution, and declared that Andrew Jackson could do the flocking of any dog in creation. But he insisted on putting several buckets of water over his head to refresh his clump after Africa. "The dogs are dead," exclaimed one of the men on the log. "You can't see any more than one now." He may have all the water he wants. "And herein the buckets of the dogs tested their over-confidence and lack of judgment in the quality of the water." The confusion produced a violent controversy during combat. It was commenced by a gullant display of the terror at the coon, and their subsequent embrace, which was followed by a snarl, snapping, scratching, and biting.

thier with great vigor. The vigor of the assault and the activity and effectiveness which he piled his powerful jaws and tremendous claws were assisted by the wool scattered around, from the heavy of the coon, who, however, took his punishment with great fortitude, never uttering a plaint or murmur, while "Sam," the terrier, could not restrain the utterance of loud barks over the agony and pain inflicted by the coon's assault upon his legs, his chest, and other exposed parts, which he had piled his teeth and claws with ferocity.

contrast, prosecuted with such vigor, soon
oiled the combatants, and time was called
round and continued. During the first
If the combat the contestants were exam-
by the besters. The terrier was badly
ed, his legs were quite unsteady, and
in his eyes was undrawn. The dog
was not over confident. And now the
cogn to change, and odds on the dog were
freely offered. The cock's appearance
at discussion was better than the
deal of wool, but his flesh was still intact;
ins and bones had never been reached by
the cock's incisors; and, in fact, the
for the combatant was in better condi-
at the beginning of the fight.

The second round was fought with like re-
sult. The gray terrier was again
grazed his backers. It was evident that no

tor of chewing or clawing would extinguish fire. He could only lose the fight by death or exhaustion. It was not in his nature to retreat. "The result," Several rounds were fought at giving either combatant any advantage or the other. More than three-quarters of an hour were consumed in this manner. The symptoms were evinced by either combatant of letting down. When then discovered the backs of the coons that had been adopted as very shrewd strategy which was not comprehended by the coon, in prob- buckets of water for the refreshment of the coon. After the coon had been strike for one of these buckets, and after himself to a refreshing bath would deliberately overturn the bucket, thus saving a purchase and making the coon's coat, on the resumption of hostilities the

dog would strip and kill so that the coon
dog at a great advantage. With his growl
and flinty eyes the coon hid his intention
of maintaining his position and awaiting the
move of his enemy. From this time out it
was that the coon held the advantage. The
dog came up to the scratch with a great
resolution, but alas with his eyes nearly
blinded out his tongue bitten into strips,
his snout off his legs almost bare of muscle
and his jaws his jaws his jaws his jaws
and repeated clawing of his foe. His
struggle was deplorable, and after the combat
continued for nearly an hour and twenty-seven
times the dog was unable to come to his
feet when called, and lying down in his cor-
responded to all invitations of his friends
into growls and snarls. The coon's
victory was then claimed for the coon.

was a loud and clamorous protestation of the judges, rotting, hold a hoarse cry, and the people, on the other hand, the strategy of the water buckets. They of them stimulated to the conditions of the. No one noticed the presence at the beginning of the battle. The judges, on the other hand, estimated the advantages which the coon had by the dropt use of the water. The coon, on the other hand, used his knowledge of the characteristics of the coon. His was only twenty-two pounds against the thirty-five. The dog had the advantage of being strong and powerful. The coon was much disputation and a wild clamor to the better, but the judges finally rendered a decision in favor of the coon, and beta settled that the judges were more than changed hands on this fight.

next day it was reported that Col. Boyd's faithful servant died of his wounds received in the battle. Of the colonel's most authentic statement it was that his proud owner had him taken to Galveston, Texas, where he died. A veteran war correspondent, W. H. Johnson, was leaving the reputation of the Dentatus as Nelson's pit.

Two years ago he met at the Arkansas Springs the beautiful Rose Fanchal, a married Texas lady and sister of Frank Ganssaway. A more fascinating is seldom seen than she. After a courtship of nearly a year, and about a month ago they separated, and since Capt. Wright has been depressed and ailing. After a painful interview with her brother, the latter was driven to Philadelphia and fresh fortunes, and he is his unhappy life by a pistol shot from his hand.

The career of his wife has been something terrible. Seldom do we know of a woman with such power over men by the spell of her beauty. As a young lady she was a lovely widow, she married a Rhode Island

Don Cameron at one time was asked as about to marry her. A graceful perfect figure, great, sad, pathetic eyes, features, and a most lovely smile, first impress on seeing her; but the indescribable, the strange fascination of her ways, the very magic of her, are too evanescent intangible for prose. As a figure in the world she is destined to reappear.